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SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

CALAIS TO PARIS.

"THE sea will be smooth as glass—there is not a breath of air stirring—we shall cross to Calais in a couple of hours," said I in hopeful encouragement to my travelling companion, as we paced slowly along the pier of Dover one beautiful evening in July. My prediction was not exactly fulfilled. The tranquillity of the night was succeeded by an unacceptable breeze, accompanied with a swell on the surface of the channel, which rendered the passage somewhat less agreeable than I had pictured it would be; and we were glad when, at the end of two hours and twenty minutes, the steam-packet entered the harbour of Calais, and permitted us to rise from our undignified position among the letter-bags with which the deck was conveniently cumbered.

The rapid transfer which one undergoes at this narrow part of the channel, from the English to the French territory, has something of the effect of magic. A brief space of time lands you in what is felt to be a new world. Manners, language, and the general aspect of men and things are all different from those with which you have been previously acquainted. It seems only a few minutes since you paid the last sixpence in England—it was, with the characteristic robbery of a sea-port, for the use of a ladder by which to step into the vessel—and now you are handed on shore by a gendarme, who invites you in French to an examination of passports in an adjoining bureau. If you have never been in France before, you are most likely surprised at the clearness of the atmosphere, unpolluted with smoke, though not altogether inodorous, and you will scarcely fail in being amused with the perfectly novel signboards which are on all sides conspicuous on the gay fronts of the tall houses. "Meux and Company's Entire," the last brilliant emblazonment probably which met your eye as you steamed from the pier-head at Dover, is exchanged for the words "Commerce des Vins," "Estaminet," and "Sert à Boire et à Manger"—the latter phrase having the merit, perhaps, of being not inappropriate to the condition of your stomach, fresh from a tumbling voyage across the British channel.

Having visited France several times before, neither the signboards nor the cocked hats of the gens-d'armes, nor the red ill-made trousers of the soldiers, nor anything else, whether appealing to the eyes, ears, or nostrils, was considered very astonishing. The remark will force itself on all who revisit Calais, after a few years' absence, that it is not generally improving or getting more cleanly. Situated amidst barren downs, on the margin of a flat sandy shore, nature may be said to wage a ceaseless war against its improvement as a port; and notwithstanding all the coaxings of a long wooden pier, pushed out at an enormous expense, the sea seems to possess no inclination to deepen at the spot, but continues most perversely to send up shoals of sand to underlay the harbour and fall in showers over the adjoining country. As if turning its back on the bleak sandy coast, the town is enshrouded within high walls more antique than substantial, and approached from the harbour by two gateways, one of which remains almost unaltered since Hogarth introduced it into his famed sketch, "The Sirloin of Roast Beef at the Gate of Calais"—a satire pronounced at the time to be inimitable, but which a better order of feelings would willingly consign to deserved oblivion. Although destitute of attraction as a town or port, Calais will always be viewed with some degree of interest for its historical

associations. It has for ages been the portal to the continent from Britain; it was the scene of the heroic conduct of Eustace de St Pierre and his companions in the reign of Edward III.; it was one of the last shreds of France owned by the English monarchy; and here, in later times, was the abode of many unfortunate adherents of the house of Stuart, whose wistful eyes were daily directed to a country from which they were hopelessly exiled.

Our residence, for the short time we were in Calais, was at Dessin's, the hotel adopted by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*, and which we suppose, presuming on that circumstance, and the fame derived from it, is a little dearer and more aristocratic than the other houses of entertainment in the town. Yet it is scarcely worth while grudging an additional franc to see "Sterne's room," which is shown with becoming gravity by the obliging garçon, along with that occupied by Sir Walter Scott during his brief sojourn. The house, situated in a narrow street, leading from the *Place* or square, is entered, as is usual with continental hotels, by a porte-cochere, leading into a spacious court, surrounded by white buildings with tall windows thrown open to the sun, and lined all round with boxes of blossoming oleanders. We had the satisfaction of dining in a smooth oak-floored apartment on the ground storey, which, by a stretch of the imagination, we were inclined to think might be that in which the sentimental traveller was addressed by the unhappy monk of St Francis. And this thought of St Francis reminded me, that at my visit to Calais some ten years ago, I had observed a life-like figure of that personage standing in a niche in the parish church, which it would be an object of curiosity to visit. We accordingly picked our way through several ill-paved streets to the edifice, whose spire is almost the only thing in the town, except the light-house, visible from a distance. Since my former visit, great changes had been effected within the old Gothic fabric. St Francis and various other saints had been handed down from their respective niches, there was far less gilding and trumpery, and the whole interior had undergone a thorough repair and cleaning. The only old friend I recognised was the *suisse*, or beadle, dressed, as formerly, *à-la-militaire*, and with a face shrunk into the brown consistency of a mummy, but still lively and desirous of acting the panegyrist of an establishment over which he had been for the better part of a lifetime the ostensible guardian. The poor man was walking listlessly through the vacant aisles when we entered; and as he hastened towards us, the prospect of a franc beaming in his delighted eye, I could not help moralising for an instant on his occupation. For fifty years has he been wandering, day by day, from post to pillar, shrine to shrine, in one unvarying round of duty in this ancient structure. Every stone in the floor is familiar to him; the removal of St Francis he must have considered very much as the loss of an old friend to whom he had become dearly attached; the very dust on the walls he must have learned to look upon with respect. He did not speak cheerily of the improvements. "Les reparations," we observed, "sont très grandes;" but his "oui" in reply did not smack with the heartiness of perfect conviction. There was a husky melancholy about it which one could understand. We spoke of the church having been built by the English during their occupation of the country, and that it was gratifying for one of that nation to see how well it had been preserved by their successors. This was touching him on the right key, and he entered a little into historical details concerning what has been to him an

object of affection as well as the means of subsistence during life. He lightened up as he described the different altars, and assured us that the pillars of the sanctuary were of "marbre." "Veritable?" said we, half doubtingly. "Oui, monsieur; veritable!" replied the *suisse*, with all the emphasis of a champion disdaining the disrespectful notion of timber and imitative paint. We parted from our venerable friend with many kindly *bonjours* and a wave from the half-moon hat, which spoke grateful thanks for the anticipated and honestly-earned franc. "Au revoir," murmured from the shrunk chops of the hanger-on of the temple, as he stood on its well-trod threshold. The wish was well meant, but is not likely to be fulfilled. Ere our next visit we fear the last offices of religion will have consigned the aged *suisse* to the companionship of those over whom the tomb has beneficently closed.

After our visit to the church, our time in the town was short, and we did not at all regret when the diligence rolled out of the gateway towards the west, and carried us at a pretty quick pace over the swampy region lying between Calais and Marquise. The fortifications of this ancient town, long in a state of disrepair, we found in the course of being restored and strengthened, though for what reason it would be difficult to say. Beyond Marquise the country somewhat improves; and approaching Boulogne, we begin to observe well cultured fields, hedgerows, respectable homesteads, and comfortable private dwellings, in the style of English villas. Within about a mile of the town, crowning the barren height on our right, and conspicuous for a great distance at sea, stands the lofty Napoleon column, with a figure of the hero on the summit, as if contemplating the flotilla with which he had assembled beneath, and with which he expected to land on the opposite shores of Britain. Having passed this useful landmark, we shortly reach the old town of Boulogne, encased in high walls, outside of which we descend to the *basse ville*, the Boulogne-sur-Mer of modern times, lying chiefly on the eastern side of a harbour formed by the estuary of the small river Liane.

Occupied by nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, a few thousands of which are English, we immediately perceive that Boulogne is quite a different sort of place from Calais. The streets disposed mostly at right angles to each other, are modern in appearance, and only want proper pavement and conduits to be all that could be wished. In the environs are many rows of houses built in the English fashion, devoted to the foreign visitors, as private mansions and educational establishments or *pensions*. The hotels to which transient residents principally resort are chiefly in the street facing, and in a line with, the quay; and here also, near the pier, is a large bathing establishment, with other accommodations. In front are the extensive sands, reckoned among the finest in France for sea-bathing, and which attract real or imaginary invalids from all parts not only of France but of our own country. That is not, however, the only attraction of English visitors to Boulogne. It is found an excellent place for persons to live who are unable to reside within the jurisdiction of a *capias* writ; and Boulogne is often the pleasant alternative for the Queen's Bench prison. It is also frequently the chosen abode of individuals who have not arrived at that stage of embarrassment which demands the interference of the sheriff, and who go thither to escape that catastrophe by economy. Living is cheaper in France than in England, but unfortunately the number of economists who have flocked to Boulogne has

caused a rise of prices, and cheapness is no longer a characteristic of a residence there. Notwithstanding the infusion of persons of questionable reputation from England, general society, I am told, is on the whole excellent, while the means for amusement are much more abundant than in English watering-places of the same size. Sometimes the best French society is to be met with in the place. The Parisians having their seasons for health-seeking recreation as well as the Londoners, one summer it is the fashion to go to a watering-place perhaps in the south, the next to one in the north, and so on. Boulogne takes its turn with the rest; and since the visit of Louis Philippe and his family a few seasons ago, it has come much into vogue. Thus Boulogne is a sort of mongrel place—half English, half French. Many of the signboards are English, and there is scarcely a shopkeeper who will not bargain with you in that language. Indeed many English customs have become current in France by way of Boulogne; amongst others horse-racing, which began first in this town. Latterly, a very considerable intercourse has been opened up by steam-boats between the port and Folkestone, lying on the opposite coast, a stage west from Dover, on the line of railway from London. One can only wish a perpetuation of what promises so much mutual advantage.

Proceeding in a south-westerly direction from Boulogne, we pass out of the generally poor country of Picardy into the more green and leafy region of Normandy, which exhibits greater comfort and opulence in rural affairs; nevertheless, all the processes of husbandry seem to be conducted by families, man, wife, and children, toiling with equal diligence on their little farms. The dress of the male peasant farmers and their sons is universally a blue linen blouse, a white cotton nightcap, and wooden shoes without stockings. The season of harvest being at hand, many families were busily preparing their thrashing-floors, by clearing a circular spot in the open fields, and beating it smooth and hard for the action of the flail; thrashing-mills being to all appearance yet unknown in the district, or unsuitable to its rural economy. In journeying towards Abbeville, we passed the field of Crecy, on which the sanguinary battle between the English and French forces took place in the reign of Edward III.; it has long been undistinguished from the surrounding country. A few miles farther on we obtain a lovely prospect of the woody vale of the Somme, which reminds us of some of the rich plains of England. In the midst of this green spot stands the ancient fortified town of Abbeville, containing nothing worthy of note but an old Gothic church of the fine florid Norman architecture. We passed a Sunday not unpleasantly in this quiet old city, and next day proceeded to Rouen by way of Eu and Dieppe, the former a small old town, in which various improvements had been effected since my former visit, through the patronage of Louis Philippe, whose chateau is situated between it and the sea in the midst of an artificial woodland scene. At Dieppe, the extension of the harbour and docks we found proceeding on a great scale, though it is to be feared, from the tendency of the port to silt up with gravel, with little prospective benefit to its expiring trade. The town may now almost be said to live on recollections of its commercial greatness, along with a domestic manufacture of ivory carvings. We went to examine the stocks of some of the chief dealers in these articles, and were delighted with their exquisitely fine and tasteful workmanship. From objects three feet in height to the size of a thimble, the purchasers may make the most varied choice, at a very reasonable outlay of pocket-money. We were particularly struck with a crucifixion, and also a ship of war in full equipment, each offered at 2000 francs, or £80. The transport of these ivory articles to Paris and all parts of France is considerable.

It is a pleasant ride from Dieppe through one of the best parts of Normandy to Rouen, the country being pretty well cultured and ornamented with rows of apple trees, orchards, and numerous dwellings of the chateau or country-house order. The district becomes rich and populous as we approach the valley of the Seine; and on entering Rouen, we have almost the feeling of being in an English manufacturing town. Rouen, since my first visit in 1834, has undergone many remarkable improvements; the most conspicuous being the completion of a line of tall and elegant stone houses facing the Seine, and serving as a modern and attractive frontage to a dense background of dark, narrow, and antique streets and places. Numerous cotton mills and bleaching and dyeing establishments—situated in the environs as we approach the town from Dieppe—strike us also not more as tokens of active industry than the long array of shipping taking in and discharging their cargoes on the Seine. The famous cathedral of Rouen, the pride of the ancient capital of Normandy, has also during late years undergone improvements and purifications worthy of its character; and this ancient structure, as well as the picturesque edifices consecrated as the last scene of the heroic Joan of Arc, engaged once more a few hours' attention before setting out for Paris.

Ten years ago the Seine at Rouen was crossed by one stone bridge and another of boats; the latter has

since been removed, and its place occupied by a handsome suspension-bridge of two spans, with a part in the centre to open and permit the passage of vessels. This bridge has been erected by a private individual, who takes a toll of the tenth of a penny from each passenger, and on the agreement of yielding up the concern to the public at the end of ninety-nine years. The stone bridge farther up the stream, now ornamented by a statue of Corneille, a native of the town, immediately conducts the traveller to the station of the Paris and Rouen railway, on the western side of the river. This railway, as most persons will be aware, is one of the most remarkable improvements in a country not the foremost in Europe for its means of internal communication. Latterly, indeed, the roads of France have undergone such marked changes for the better that they excel those of England, with the additional advantage of being supported entirely at the public expense, and uninterrupted by any vestige of turnpike from one end of the country to the other. Along with this advance, the mode of conveyance by diligence—a monopoly in the hands of certain *Messageries* or Diligence companies—has by no means kept pace, and therefore the opening of railways must be viewed as a national benefit of no mean importance. Largely promoted by English capital, carried forward by English contractors, with the assistance of English labourers, and finally conducted on plans evidently English, and as they may now be termed universal, the railway between Rouen and Paris, in its extent of eighty-four miles, is not surpassed by any on this side of the channel. The French have had no little reason to be satisfied with the manner in which the works on the line have been executed, as well as the entire organisation of the duty to be performed; yet the benefits of the enterprise have not been confined to the line of transit. The method of contracting for the works by capitalists, and their execution by labourers using temporary railways, wagons, wheelbarrows, shovels, and pickaxes, were things new in France, which may be expected in time to effect a great improvement in this species of undertaking.

The trip along the line to Paris is performed in four hours, a wonderful contrast to the same journey in 1841, when the transit occupied an entire day. With the assistance of the line, the distance between Paris and Havre may now be travelled in about eleven hours. A diligence starts from its office in Paris—is run to the railway and placed on a truck with all its passengers and goods—at Rouen it is again yoked to six horses, and so performs the remainder of the journey on its own wheels, arriving in time for the steamer which crosses to Southampton. While speculating on these improvements in the means of locomotion in this part of France, we are rapidly wheeled along the line of railway, which pursues a

* It may seem odd to speak gravely of the introduction of the wheelbarrow, shovel, and pickaxe, into France; but to those acquainted with the singularly inefficient means for executing any kind of ground labour in that country, the advantages likely to arise from a knowledge of the Englishman's tools will be very apparent. The *Journal des Debats*, during my residence in Paris, had some judicious remarks on the execution of the Rouen railway, which have been pretty generally diffused by the English press. The following may here be copied in illustration of the text:—

"When the first section of the Rouen railway, namely, that portion from Colombe to Poissy, including two bridges over the Seine, and numerous embankments, was to be contracted for, the French contractors offered to complete it for 6,500,000 francs. Messrs Mackenzie and Bracey took it for 3,750,000 francs, and made a profit by their bargain. We must confess, at the same time, that the superiority of the English speculators does not proceed alone from their wealth and capability; they possess in the workmen whom they employ a productive power arising from two causes, which it is our own fault if we do not extend to our country.

The English workman gets through more work in a given time than a Frenchman. Is this because he is more intelligent, more supple of limb, quicker or more dexterous than the Frenchman? No; but he has more muscular power, and is provided with better tools. Place a French workman in the same circumstances with regard to food and tools, and he will very soon be equal to an Englishman. A hundred times we have seen instances of it. At Rouen, the splendid establishment of the *Charron*, founded almost in a day by English people drawn thither by the necessities of the railway, and devoted to the construction of carriages and engines, was carried on by means both of French and English workmen. In all those kinds of work requiring more skill and nicety than manual strength, the French very rapidly became equal to the English; in the smithies the English were far in advance. But the French, as soon as they began to imitate their mode of work, and more especially to feed upon beef as they did, were soon as powerful as they.

Besides this, as we have already said, the English workman is generally provided with better tools than the French; and this superiority contributes, in a great degree, to that result so eminently advantageous to him, that you may give him a larger amount of wages without increasing the ultimate cost of the work. The English bring more ingenuity to the construction of tools and engines than any other people. By this means they facilitate and simplify labour. They construct large embankments by establishing temporary railways, on which the wagons filled with earth or stones are put in motion by an ordinary locomotive. This mode of operation contributed in no small degree to the cheapness of the embankments on the Rouen line. It may also have been remarked that the English workmen understand the division of labour better than ours do, and can execute more difficult and ingenious turns than ours can. It is difficult for those not thoroughly acquainted with the matter to form an idea of the great practical importance of the proper distribution of labour, and of quickness of hand, even in works which appear the most elementary. Simply on account of their superiority in this respect, the Flemish labourers in the vicinity of Dunkirk, who make use of exactly the same kind of implements as ours do, will sometimes gain double the amount of our men, although paid at about half the price per cubic metre."

serpentine course up the valley of the Seine, for the greater part close to the river on its left bank, and disclosing at every turn, in the midst of corn-fields and clumps of trees, either a chateau or village, conspicuous from the white stone with which it is built. At length every curve, tunnel, and bridge being passed, we reach the wall surrounding Paris, and in a few minutes arrive at the terminus within the north-western environs of the city.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE STRUTHIONIDÆ, LIVING AND EXTINCT.

IN modern systems of Ornithology, the Struthionidæ or Ostrich-like birds form a family distinct from all others of the feathered creation. They are few in number, and seem as it were the last links of a chain of beings rapidly dropping away from the system of animated nature. To the philosophic mind, the five or six genera which are comprised in this family are possessed of more than common interest; and when geology unfolds the many races of being which once peopled the earth, but which have gradually disappeared as their appointed missions were fulfilled, we cannot fail to recognise in the few surviving genera of Struthionidæ an order of vitality all but extinguished. At present the ostrich is confined to the limited circumference of the Arabian and African deserts, the rheas to the pampas of South America, the cassowary to the Indian Archipelago, and the emeu to New Holland; while the apteryx is known only by a few preserved skins from New Zealand, the dodo from an old Dutch painting, and preserved head and foot, and the dinornis merely by its half-fossilized bones dug from the silt of a New Zealand river. During the last century, all these were coeval with man; since the beginning of the present, two genera have passed away; and perhaps ere the commencement of another, the existence of the apteryx may be regarded with as much doubt as we now view that of the dodo and dinornis. In fact, the living species of the Struthionidæ bear a much nearer relation to those that are extinct than the elephant and rhinoceros to the fossil mammoths and theroids of the geologist; and, looking upon them in this light, a brief review of what is known respecting both the existing and extinct genera may be at once curious and useful.

The family of Struthionidæ contains a small number of genera, differing so much from one another that they might be almost regarded as belonging to different families, yet agreeing in one characteristic, namely, the non-development of the wings, and the enormous size and power of their legs. They may be regarded as in many respects intermediate between poultry birds, such as the turkey, and wading birds, as the bustard; while they also approximate in some points to the mammalia, especially in the dependence on the legs alone for locomotion, and in the barless structure of their feathers, which therefore look like hair. That they really verge structurally on the mammalia, is shown more incontestably in their possessing the rudiments of a diaphragm and an urinary bladder, organs peculiar to that order. Although destitute of the powers of flight, wings exist in an undeveloped or rudimentary state, and in some of the species appear to assist the forward motion of the animal. The muscles of these winglets, however, requiring little strength, the sternum or breast-bone has no prominent keel as in flying birds; but, on the other hand, the muscles of the posterior extremities are of enormous size and power. They are strictly terrestrial birds; and from being solely dependant upon their legs for locomotion, have been arranged by some naturalists into a distinct order—Cursors, or Runners. Each genus consists of a single species, and each species is limited to some peculiar locality, to which the structure and habits of the bird are as peculiarly adapted. Such is an outline of the general characteristics of this interesting family. We shall now glance at them individually.

The ostrich—*Struthiocamelus*—which stands at the head of this family, is a well-known bird in the tropical parts of the eastern hemisphere. Its feathers do not differ so widely from other birds as do those of the cassowary, being furnished with barbs; but these do not adhere to one another, so that no continuous resisting surface is furnished. Still the wings and tail present sufficient expanse to assist the bird in running, which it does so swiftly, that when full grown and in good health, it can outstrip the fleetest charger. The foot of the ostrich consists of two toes, or rather lobes, the outer being considerably shorter than the other, and destitute of any nail or horny protection. Its structure thus fitting it best for the sandy and arid regions of Arabia and Africa, the ostrich scrupulously avoids swamps or jungly districts. When full grown, it attains the height of seven, eight, and even eleven feet; and is thus a majestic bird in its appearance, and stately in its gait from the length of its legs and the stretch and bounding elasticity of its step. It subsists chiefly on grain and herbage, generally in a dry and hardened state, and so requiring a great deal of grinding, for which purpose it is furnished with a very strong muscular gizzard. It has a kind of triple stomach, or at all events a dilatation between the crop and gizzard; and it is no doubt the necessity of something to assist in triturating its food which makes the ostrich so prone to swallow all hard substances with perfect indifference as to what may be their taste or

smell. It is seldom known to drink; and indeed the Arabs maintain that it avoids rather than seeks after water. It depends chiefly on the sense of vision for its guidance, its long limbs and neck being peculiarly well adapted to take in a wide range of the arid plains it inhabits. Though harmless and inoffensive, it is not without the means of defence, especially when we combine its swiftness, the force with which it can throw out the foot, and the pliancy and agility of its long neck, by which it can dart its bill with astonishing force and rapidity. In the sandy plains, the female leaves her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun; in countries exposed to heavy dews, she sits during the night; and in regions extra-tropical, she incubates like other birds. In the whole structure and habits of the ostrich we see the nicest adaptations to locality. The desert is a singular situation in nature, and the ostrich is as singularly formed and fitted for the severe labour it has there to encounter. The power of flight would have been superfluous in a region destitute of trees; hence the muscular energy requisite for wings to sustain a body from sixty to eighty pounds in weight has been concentrated upon the limbs and the muscles by which they are kept in motion.

The rhea, or *nandhu—Rhea Americana*—is less in size than the African ostrich, rarely attaining five feet in height. It is more thinly covered with feathers; and the wings, which are unfit for flight, are furnished with plumes terminating in a single spur. The headquarters of the rhea are the extensive plains or pampas to the southward of Buenos Ayres, which are for the greater portion of the year covered with a luxuriant herbage. The other inhabitants of these plains are wild cattle and horses; and it is stated that the rhea, on short smooth herbage, is the fleetest of the three. The nature of the pampas requires more regular incubation than that of the sandy desert, and in this respect the rhea differs from the ostrich; but in its mode of locomotion, in its habit of swallowing hard substances, and in its abstaining from drink, the rhea closely resembles the ostrich of Africa. In one respect it differs, that is, in its powers of swimming; being often known to traverse lakes and rivers out of choice.

The cassowary—*Casuarus galeatus*—has wings much shorter than those of the ostrich, and quite useless in aiding progression. The body of this bird is nearly as large as that of the ostrich; but its neck is shorter, and its bearing less majestic. Its feathers have a much closer resemblance to hair, and from each quill proceeds two, three, or more accessory plumes. In its general aspect the cassowary resembles the ostrich, but differs in several points; such as in having three toes, in the absence of the dilatation between the claw and gizzard, and in its head being surmounted by a bony crest; while it is also furnished with wattles like the turkey-cock, which change colour under similar circumstances, as do those of the latter bird. It leaves its eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun, unless during rains or night dews, in which cases the female sits upon them with the usual maternal solicitude. The cassowary is found only in the Moluccas, Java, Sumatra, and the other islands of the Indian Archipelago; but even there it is a rare bird. Its food is chiefly succulent vegetables; in other respects its mode of life is very similar to that of the other Struthionide.

The emeu—*Dromaius Nova Hollandie*—is a very large bird, bearing some resemblance to the cassowary, but destitute of the horny crest, and having the feathers more distinctly barbed. Indeed, they look more like hair than plumage, their barbs being all loose and separate; and on the neck and head they still more closely resemble hairs. The wings are so extremely small as to be quite invisible when closed, and are covered with feathers precisely of the same kind as those on the back, which, it should be observed, divide as it were by a middle line, and hang gracefully over on either side in long silky tresses. In size and bulk the emeu is next to the African ostrich, often attaining to five, six, and seven feet in height. Its body is more clumsy than that of the ostrich, its neck is rather shorter, its legs are also shorter and stouter; and it is furnished with three toes, all directed to the front. The claws of the emeu resemble those of the *ravornal* or *scraping-birds*, while those of the ostrich have more the character of nails. Its food, like that of the other Struthionide birds, consists of vegetable substances, such as grass, young buds, berries, and succulent roots. In its native haunts, the emeu is wild and timid, but shows considerable courage and strength when hard pressed. It takes the water like the rhea, and has been seen to cross rivers by swimming, a faculty which seems to be more or less possessed by all the Struthionide. The female is not particular about a nest, a simple hollow scratched in the "bush" being sufficient for her purpose; and each sex sits alternately on the eggs during incubation. The emeu is diffused over the southern part of New Holland, but is gradually disappearing before the encroachments of civilisation.

The apteryx, so called from its being the most wingless of this wingless family, has been found only in New Zealand, where it is known by the native name of *kiekie*, from the peculiar cry it emits. Next to the extinct dodo and dinornis, it is the rarest of the Struthionide birds; so rare, indeed, that it may be considered on the verge of extinction. Up to 1833, a single preserved skin was all that was known in Britain of this bird; but since then, a few other specimens have been obtained, in particular by Mr Gould, author

of "The Birds of Australasia." In the apteryx, the hair-like character of the plumage is most complete, as is also the absence of the wing; that organ being represented by the simplest rudiment, terminated in a single spur or hook, which the animal uses as a means of defence. From the anatomical description of Professor Owen, it appears that the apteryx has many parts of approximation to the mammalia, being furnished with a complete diaphragm, having no air cells in its abdomen, nor any of its bones hollow. In size, the apteryx is less than the turkey; its bill is long and slender, and its feet have three toes in front, with a horny spur behind. Mr Gould states that its favourite localities are those covered with dense beds of fern, among which it conceals itself, and when hard pressed by dogs (the usual mode of hunting it), it betakes itself to crevices of rocks, or to the hole which it excavates in the ground for its usual shelter. It feeds on worms and insects, and is chiefly nocturnal in its habits. The natives usually hunt it by torch-light, the skins being highly prized for the dresses of their chiefs. The apteryx is now extremely rare, and we are not aware of any European who has obtained a living specimen.

The dodo—*Didus inceptus*—generally associated with the Struthionide, is the latest link which seems to have utterly dropped from this chain of being. That such a bird as the dodo existed, although every picture of it extant seems somewhat apocryphal, there is no reason to doubt; and the less so since the publication of the evidence compiled by the writer of the article 'Dodo,' in the Penny Cyclopaedia. In this article the reader will find a vast amount of testimony to the effect that one if not two species of this bird were known to our earlier voyagers, and that not only stuffed but living specimens were brought to Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Admitting then the former existence of the dodo in the island of Madagascar, and perhaps in some of the adjacent regions of Africa, all that now remains of this genus are a few imperfect pictures, a preserved foot in the British museum, and a head in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford. It would appear, however, from the records of the latter museum, that an entire specimen formerly existed in it, which was allowed to decay, and its remains to be lost, with the exception of this head. The opinions of the most eminent naturalists concur in regarding the head and foot as different from those of any existing bird, and as corresponding in character with the commonly received figure of the dodo. With reference to the diversity of opinion as to the place the dodo ought to hold in systems of classification, we may only notice that, though its head would favour the opinion that it was allied to birds of prey (vulturidae), and the foot to that of the gallinaceae, still its general contour, the absence of wings, and character of the feathers, all point its alliance with the Struthionide family. In most families there is generally some genus possessing a peculiar type which connects it with another family, and the Struthionide classification of the dodo is by no means invalidated, because it possesses a connecting type with the rases on the one hand, or with the vulturidae on the other.

We have now run over the different genera of the Struthionide or ostrich family—living and recently extinct—of the existence of which we have either direct or written testimony. Whether other genera of Struthionide once existed, is a problem for the researches of fossil geology to unfold—a problem, indeed, which has already been solved by the recent discovery of the bones of the dinornis, one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology which the present century has produced. Particulars of this gigantic bird (with specimens of the bones) were originally forwarded to Professors Buckland and Owen, by the missionaries near the Bay of Islands. The accounts of the Rev. Messrs Williams and Cotton were received in 1842, and, since then, Professor Owen has assiduously examined and described the bones as belonging to a gigantic bird of the ostrich tribe, and similar to, but much larger, and not of the same species as the apteryx. The bones, several baskets of which were forwarded by Mr Williams, were found buried in the mud of fresh water streams, communicating with high mountains; they are very perfect, and little if at all fossilized. They are chiefly bones of the leg and foot; some of the leg-bones being nearly three feet in length, from which it is calculated that the bird must have been not less than sixteen feet high! No bones of the wing have been found; and though the natives have many odd traditions about the bird, none of them appear to have seen it. After anatomical comparisons, Professor Owen classes the dinornis (from *deinos*, terrible, and *ornis*, a bird) with the Struthionide, and considers it as more closely allied to the apteryx than any of the other genera. It will be remembered that the ostrich has only two toes; the rhea, emeu, and cassowary three, and the apteryx and dodo four; the dinornis has, like the emeu, only three. The bones of the apteryx, unlike those of other birds, contain no air cavities, but approach in texture to those of the mammalia; so it is with the bones of the dinornis, which are denser in texture than those of the other Struthionide. All things considered, Mr Owen classes the dinornis as a separate genus of the ostrich tribe, whose career in the north island of New Zealand was probably closed about the same period as that of the dodo's existence in the isle of Rodriguez. He thinks there is little probability of its remains

being found in any part of the world except New Zealand; and considering that each known genus of this family is confined to equally narrow limits, we may readily concur in the opinion.

Such is a rapid sketch of this peculiarly interesting family, one of the most palpable links which connect the present with the past order of being. The discovery of the bones of the dinornis brings us a step nearer to those fossil genera, of which the only remains are their footsteps impressed on the strata of the upper secondary and tertiary formations. Several of these fossil footsteps, or *icnites*, bear a strict analogy to the footprints of Struthionide birds, but indicate a structure of body even still more gigantic than that of the dinornis. Impressed in mud, which has long since been converted into stone, these footsteps have been preserved as distinct in outline and form as those of the ostrich made only yesterday on the sands of Africa; and though none of the bones of these earlier birds have been found, yet so peculiar is the foot of the tribe to which they belong, that no doubt is entertained of their Struthionide character. Thus it is that the geologist regards the living Struthionide as connecting links between the past and present—remnants of a race gradually disappearing, in conformity with that great natural law which peoples the earth with beings perfectly adapted to its progressive conditions.

INFANT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF TUSCANY.

AMONG the many questions recently agitated, there is none upon which a greater diversity of opinion exists than the instruction of the infant poor. One party says, "Teach them to read, write, and know their Bibles;" another contends that, if the means exist, there is no reason why the son of a pauper should not receive the same education as the son of a peer; while a third differs from both, and argues that it would be much more useful to the child, and better for the state, were there less of book tuition and more of that practical information upon which the individual has to depend for his daily bread when he arrives at maturity. It has often struck us that all three carry their arguments much too far, and that, under proper provision, a sound book tuition might be given, without interfering either with the position of the child in society, or with the acquirement of that practical training upon which his manhood may have to rely. By the system of industrial schools—that is, where book education, gymnastic recreation, and manual employment are provided—it is possible not only to convey the rudiments of knowledge, but to render the child healthy and robust, while he is also trained to manual expertise and industrial habits. From the age of six to eleven the mind is most pliant and susceptible; it is capable of acquiring an astonishing amount of elementary information—acquirements which, if judiciously blended with exhilarating exercise, strengthen rather than debilitate the physical system. Now, while this intellectual and physical training is going forward, something may be done towards another object. Every one who has attentively studied the nature of a child—who watches how continually he is changing his amusements, how busily he employs himself in the performance of some little work, how actively he charges his inventive faculties, and how delighted he is when he succeeds with his schemes—will at once admit that, if it were well directed and supplied with tools (which, by the way, a child can never by his own means acquire), it could be directed to good and profitable purpose. And here let it not be supposed we justify the too frequent system of over-tasking the youthful mind: on the contrary, we reprobate that perpetual drilling and restraint so prevalent in many of our schools, and contend for a judicious blending of tuition, recreation, and industrial training. What is taught as a system soon becomes a habit; hence the "by-hours" of a child, instead of being consigned to idle listlessness, or worse, to mischief, might be devoted to some useful acquirement. That such a system were practicable in all our schools, it were easy to prove; but, in the meantime, we direct these remarks more to those institutions endowed by the charity for the education of the pauper and orphan. In most, if not in all of these foundations, the business of the teacher is limited to intellectual and religious instruction; there is nothing done for practical habits; and in this state the youth are sent forth to the world to undergo a new species of training, very different from, sometimes entirely opposed to, what they were led to expect from the tuition of the class-room. This is not as it ought to be, and especially in Britain, where industrial occupations are so numerous and varied. If, according to some, a mere book tuition be apt to render a boy dissatisfied with his position in life, what better calculated to remind him of it than some manual employment; and if, on the other hand, the peasant's son be entitled to as thorough an education as the peer's, what more suitable than an initiation into those arts by which alone he can exalt his station!

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a paper by Signor Mayer, of Milan, "On the Infant Industrial Schools of Tuscany," read at the late meeting of the British Association. This paper gives a detail of the origin and success of these charitable institutions, which, from a perusal of the signor's report, it will be seen are conducted upon the indus-

trial system, to which we have referred. That the charity infant schools of Tuscany are perfect models, we by no means assert; but if the system and its results have been correctly described, an adoption of the principle would at least be an improvement upon that of our charitable institutions at home:—"The first infant schools—or, as they are there called, asylums—established in Tuscany, were opened simultaneously in Leghorn and Pisa in 1833. A third was soon after opened in Florence, and the example then was generally followed. They are supported wholly by voluntary contributions, and consequently their increase soon reached its furthest limit. There are now twenty of those infant schools, with 2000 children. The annual expenditure comes to about L.1 sterling a child; house rent, servant's wages, teacher's salary, and soup, being all included. The management of these schools generally rests with committees of ladies, who take by turn the duty of inspection: the remarks written in the inspectors' book become the subject of deliberation at the monthly meetings of the committee. The infant asylums of Tuscany are intended for the poor, and are entirely gratuitous. They are generally divided into two classes, having each a separate room and a separate mistress. The first class contains children from eighteen months or two years to four or five years old. The second class contains children from four or five to seven or eight. A play-ground is attached to every asylum, and the children perform easy gymnastic exercises, which, however, do not interfere with their own choice of amusements.

The introduction of manual works in the infant asylums in Italy constitutes one of the chief differences between them and similar institutions in France and England, and experiments are now making to continue the habits of early industry thus acquired, by procuring some work in the primary schools. A committee of tradesmen and artisans forms part of the society for infant schools at Florence, and they provide the children with some easy work, and facilitate afterwards their being employed in the exercise of different arts and trades. Linear drawing, and the rudiments of geometry and mechanics, are taught in the superior classes, but confining the instruction to that which can be of use in the exercise of every mechanical profession, without taking any one particularly in view. It is anxiously desired that the manual work of the children should be of a nature which can be carried on individually, so that the social element of family life should continue undisturbed among them, and the infant population be preserved as long as possible from the infection of factories.

Instruction is much less than education the object of these infant asylums. They are made as much as possible conducive to moral training, and this by the most simple and gentle means of a maternal guidance. In the school-room the children pass through a series of exercises calculated to develop their mental and bodily faculties without tiring them. They are never kept sitting for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. The religious instruction of the children is directed by the curate of the parish in which the asylum is established. The mistresses keep a journal, in which the moral history of the institution may be said to be contained, and from which a number of most interesting facts have been extracted, elucidating the workings of intelligence and affection at an age which has not until now been sufficiently studied by the moral philosopher. Though the Tuscan infant asylums are of so recent a date, yet their effects are already, and in a remarkable degree, perceptible.

A great improvement in the health of the children is observable in the Tuscan asylums. The study of this fact, on the part of our medical committees, has led to most important observations, not only with respect to the infants themselves, but extended to their families, and indeed to the whole of the poor population of our towns, and to the various districts of the towns themselves. The cases of death in our asylums is between two and three per cent., whilst the general mortality of children, between two and six, is in Florence sixteen per cent. The same results have been observed in Lombardy, where infant asylums are more numerous than in Tuscany. A thorough reform of every system of education, going through every species of schools, will be necessary in order to put them on a par with the high educational character of our infant schools.

The moral results, likewise, are not confined to the infants themselves, but are extended to their families. A great proportion of the children received at the infant asylums in Florence are found to come from the Foundling Hospital; indeed, out of six hundred children, four hundred belong to that class. They are children whose parents were forced by extreme destitution to abandon them; but as soon as our infant asylums were known to exist, parental affection resumed its rights in the hearts of those hundreds of parents, and a dishonouring brand was wiped away from the head of those hundreds of children, who formed again the joy of their family, and were restored to their name and civil condition. In the three years previous to the opening of the infant asylums, the average number of children taken out of the Foundling Hospital was one hundred and seventy-six; but in 1833, when the asylums were first established, the number withdrawn was two hundred and fourteen, and in 1837 it increased to four hundred and four!

Few facts more pregnant than this with important

consequences have ever been brought to light in the moral statistics of any state; and the example of Tuscany will surely not be lost on countries even more favourably situated for carrying out this benevolent principle. The adoption of such systems is worth folios of coercive laws; benevolence is power in governments as well as in individuals; and as assuredly as love is a superior motive to fear, so is the efficacy of an elevating and kindly treatment of men superior to that which is harsh and repressive. We cannot enforce this truth upon the directors of our public institutions, or upon those in authority, more powerfully than in the words of Signor Mayer:—"Who has not seen, in the bad direction of public instruction, or in the mismanagement of public charities, a necessity for the increase of coercive institutions, which yet prove insufficient for the repression of crime, and has not learned to conclude that there may be a system of instruction which teaches no virtue, a system of charity which relieves no misery, and a system of punishment which puts a stop to no crime?"

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

[THE following recollections of Sir Walter Scott were written by Mrs John Ballantyne, in compliance with the urgent request of a friend. They are published here solely with a view to the gratification of the public—that object which now keeps so many pens in motion, and unlocks so many memorandum-books and scuteroirs. When so much has already been published respecting Scott—not reserving the most private of his affairs—it seems unnecessary to apologise for an addition which is calculated upon the whole to convey an agreeable impression of his character.]

About a mile from Edinburgh, on the Newhaven road, and within a few minutes' walk of the sea, there was, about twenty years since, a pretty picturesque suburban villa, large enough for every comfort and convenience, but by no means splendid. In this house was the "Great Unknown"—the master-spirit Walter Scott—been a frequent and welcome guest. Bright eyes, long since closed on this vain and transitory scene, have glistened under this roof; and here have been solemn inquisitorial meetings, from which mirth was excluded to make way for care, and ledgers, and account-books, and long bills, and longer faces; for the "Wizard" did not always wear the smiling holiday countenance which Chantrey's bust gives him. A hundred years hence, should this villa be in existence, pilgrims may come from every region where the name of the author of Waverley is known to gaze on it. In that chamber to the left, with one window looking out on the lawn, he sometimes slept—not soundly perhaps, for he had then "borrowed the pillow of a debtor." The villa, called Trinity Grove, was, three-and-twenty years ago, the property of my husband, Mr John Ballantyne, but has long since passed into the hands of strangers; and, in all probability, in the course of a few years, will be swept away to make room for modern improvements. Scott, when in town, used to breakfast here (with Mr James Ballantyne) regularly every Monday morning; and sometimes the meeting—silent, grave, and solemn—did not break up till two or three o'clock in the afternoon. From these business meetings I, of course, was always excluded; but I contrived occasionally to get a peep or garden view of the trio as they sat in solemn state at the "board of green cloth." In the middle of the table sat Scott, who looked the lion as well as he played it; and I wonder that I should be the only person who has remarked the likeness. On each side of him sat his two faithful partners, James and John Ballantyne; and thus grouped, they always reminded me of a certain fable, the king of beasts endeavouring to persuade his trembling colleagues that all the prey was his—one half by pre-emptive right, and the other half for the honour of his patronage; for Scott, though generous as a prince in other matters, knew well how to drive a hard bargain. The nice observer of character will see no outrage on probability in the fact that Scott was generous at one time, and grasping at another. His character—like that of all other human beings—was a mixture of good and evil, the former very greatly preponderating.

The first time I had the honour of an introduction to this great man was in the year 1805, at a dinner-party in St John Street, Edinburgh, at the house of Mr James Ballantyne. In the absence of our host's mother, I was requested to take the head of the table. My husband had previously made me aware of Scott's lameness, but in spite of this I was much struck by it, for I think it was even more apparent at that period of his life than in after years, when he had acquired a stooping gait. It seemed to me that when he stood on the sound or left limb, he rose to the height of a Hercules, and when on the lame one, that he dwindled into a dwarf! Except for this infirmity, his person would have been extremely handsome: he was at that time about thirty-four, rather fair, but without colour in his cheek; light brown hair combed straight on the forehead, the eyebrows still lighter, and hanging much over the eyes, which were grayish, small, and sharp; the nose not so prominent as in Chantrey's bust, the upper lip remarkably long, and curved outwards, the corners of the eyelids, as well as the corners of the mouth, in-

clining downwards; his teeth small and regular, but ill-coloured, which appeared to be the result of intemperance, the more remarkable, as in all other respects he was scrupulously nice in his toilet. His hands were delicate, and at that time he always wore an antique gold ring on the little finger of the left hand. The sound limb, save that the foot was too large, was eminently handsome. The shoe of the lame foot was always too long: he walked very rapidly, took gigantic strides, set the staff so close to the lame foot as often to put it actually on it, and I was in constant apprehension that he would fall and injure himself. However, by some strange management, he always contrived to recover himself. In manner he was a perfect gentleman—courteous, kind, affable, full of anecdote, and the very best teller of a story I ever heard, descending from the gravest subjects to the most simple and even childish humour. I remember a singular instance of this. At a dinner-party some time after the above, at my own table in Hanover Street, at which Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was present, Scott was earnestly engaged in conversation on some grave and to me very uninteresting subject; what it was I have forgotten. "The Grunter," as Scott called Hogg, was amusing the company by his unavailing efforts to dissect "two tough auld chuckies," which happened to be in his neighbourhood, making the legs and wings fly about in all directions to the great terror and annoyance of the unfortunate ladies on each side of him. At last he came to a dead halt, dipped a napkin into the finger-glass, and began deliberately to wash his face, which, sure enough, stood in much need of it, being, as he said, "a' jappit wi' the jice." The irresistible laughter which followed this sally arrested Scott's grave and long-winded story. He stopped suddenly with the evident determination of diverting attention from his friend's awkwardness. He changed from grave to gay in an instant, and plunged into the intricacies of a not quite original joke. Turning towards me he asked the following question. "Mrs John, once on a time all the letters in the alphabet were invited out to their dinner—they all came but U. Why did not U come?" Completely at a loss, I made no answer. "Then you give it up?" continued he. "Decidedly," I said. "Why, then, the reason why U did not come to dinner is very clear—because U never comes till after tea (T)." This little pleasantry I could not resist communicating to my next neighbour, who told it to the lady on his left, till at last it went all down the table, like a running fire of small shot, and reached Hogg, who was still "labouring in his vocation." "Haud ye, merry sirs," cried he, wiping his face; "what are ye a' niehering at?" "It's all about U (you)," cried I, as well as I could speak for laughing, in which I was joined by the whole company, Scott and all, who clapped his hands for very glee. But Hogg (which made the joke tell ten times better) was quite indignant. Brandishing the carving-knife and fork, his coat sleeves tucked up as if he had just come from washing sheep, and his face shining in grease and gravy, he stood bolt upright, and addressing me in a very angry tone—"a' about me, Mrs John! What div' ye a' see about me I was fain ken!" At last the joke was explained, the laughter ceased, and the ladies retired; it was surprising how merry the whole evening was rendered by this trivial playfulness of the great minstrel.

Scott's tastes and habits, like those of all truly great characters, were simple and natural; it is therefore that we find so little disagreement in the reports of those who, like myself, have endeavoured to portray them. His perfect familiarity with every topic of the day made his company and conversation at once easy and pleasing in no common degree. That he had his failings, is only to say he was mortal. His moral character I believe to have been immaculate. He was, in all respects, the reverse of a voluptuary. I believe him to have had a sincere regard for my husband and his brother Mr James Ballantyne, whose characters, I think, ought to stand well in consideration of their having enjoyed such a friendship. Of the latter person I may here speak freely: he was certainly, over and above the taste and literary talent which he possessed, a man of the greatest moral worth, and exemplary in all the relations of life.

I was told, by the late Mr Henderson, writer in Jedburgh, an intimate friend and college companion of Mr James Ballantyne, that when they were boys at the High-school together, he was in the habit of studying regularly under the tuition of Mr Woods, an actor of some note in his day; and this may account for Mr Ballantyne's theatrical and pompous manner, of which he was aware himself. It was, after all, only a manner—a better heart never beat in a human bosom. He could occasionally throw aside the truncheon and dagger, unbend, and be the most delightful of companions. Naturally grave and solemn, he appeared to be ashamed of being betrayed into a hearty laugh, which he often was, in spite of himself, by his brother John's arch and irresistible drollery. Many a stout resolve he made, arming himself to the teeth against my husband's humour, who well knew what most tickled James's fancy; and the more grave and solemn he looked at a ceremonious dinner-party, the more John persevered in his efforts to make him laugh—very often instigated by some wag at his elbow—and notwithstanding all his resolves to the contrary, he was frequently compelled to throw himself back in his chair, cover his face with his hands, and laugh

outright. I have often, at such meetings, heard Scott exclaim from the top of the table, "Oh, man, do hand your tongue awae, till I get my jaws together."

I was amongst the very first who knew the secret—an well kept—that Walter Scott was the author of *Waverley*. I had the manuscript for a considerable time in my possession; but the rolls of parchment, discovered among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, could scarcely have been more utterly illegible. One day after our removal to Hanover Street—but I have no dates—my husband laid a manuscript before me, and requested me to copy it. I knew the hand immediately to be Scott's. My husband told me that it must be kept a profound secret, and added, that if I would try to copy it for the press, he would give me five pounds to buy "braws." I was tempted by the bribe to make an effort at least; but it was quite in vain: and some days afterwards my husband suddenly entered the closet in which I was writing, and finding me in tears over my task, he slipped the promised *douceur* into my hand, snatched the manuscript from before me, and I never saw it more. I am almost sure that my husband did not copy it himself, but that one of the clerks at the office did so. If I remember rightly, I had laboured through nearly one half of the first volume, and tedious enough I thought it, when I was released from my hopeless task. But, bad and illegible as Sir Walter's hand was at that period of his life, it was ten times worse as he advanced in years, and lost his health. I received a letter from him shortly before his lamented death, which, if it should be in existence fifty or a hundred years hence, will be a literary curiosity—some of the words, one in particular, are written *over* the line: and in concluding, he tells me (which unfortunately never came to pass) "that when he can write more at ease, he will write more at leisure." His absence of mind and manner was, on some particular occasions, extraordinary. It seems oddly enough to have escaped the observation of all his biographers. During one of those solemn inquisitorial Monday meetings, to which I have alluded, I happened to be taking a stroll in the garden, when, turning the corner of a shaded walk, I suddenly and unexpectedly encountered Scott. He was steering along on his magic staff with rapid strides, his eyes fixed on the ground, and muttering some incantation which I could not hear. Fearing to disturb the current of his thoughts and annoy him, I was on the point of making my escape by another walk, when we met *ris-a-vis*; and extending his kind generous hand to me, he shook mine cordially, asked me how I did, and if John were at home! Being aware how matters stood, and that he was so completely in a reverie as scarcely to know where he was, or who he was, I made some hasty evasive answer, and escaped into the house. I told my husband of this curious rencontre: he laughed heartily at the idea of Scott asking me if he were "at home," having left him but a few moments previously. He dismissed me hastily, as we heard the point of the "Wizard's" wand as it struck the ground. "Poor Watty," said my husband, "has got the bill-fever; run away or you will catch it."

THE STORY OF A SETTLER.

DURING the present century, very little short of a million individuals have emigrated from the United Kingdom; yet not a single one has till lately had the courage or inclination to give to the world the benefit of his experience, and to turn author. Though many works have been written concerning the colonies by speculators and writers of prospectuses for land and emigration companies, yet the settler's story which now lies before us, is the first "round unvarnished tale" of the kind that, as far as we know, has been given to the public. For this reason, the "Tales of the Colonies" are the more welcome.* The volumes relate only to Van Diemen's Land, although their title implies that more than one colony is treated of. The book is manifestly a mixture of fact and fiction, yet it gives, we have every reason to believe, a true picture of a settler's life in that country; and is thickly interspersed with genuine and useful information. The fiction in the narrative is so managed as to cast no suspicion on the validity of the facts, and appears to have been made use of for the purpose of not unnecessarily exposing private circumstances. The writer has indeed taken the novelist's license of exaggeration in some of his hair-breadth escapes; but these adventures are too wonderful to be mistaken for actual occurrences, and do not damage our confidence in his general statements.

Mr William Thornley commences his history by informing us that, till the year 1816, he was a corn and coal merchant, doing also a little farming, at Croydon, in Surrey. He had a wife and five children, about whom he began to get extremely anxious when—during the general depression which took place after the war—he found he was losing instead of accumulating money. His prospects at length darkened so grievously, that he determined to change them, and made up his mind to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land.

With this view, he turned all he possessed into cash, which at last amounted to £1150. Having got together all that was necessary for an emigrant who

anticipated the necessity of cutting down trees, building a house, and having to live in it for some time before he could be supplied with the produce of the soil, he sailed with his family from Gravesend on the 17th of September 1816. They arrived safely on the 3d of the following February at Hobart Town. Mr Thornley, having settled his wife and children in lodgings, set about obtaining a grant of land; in which he soon succeeded, the government allotting him twelve hundred acres as a free gift. At that time but a very small portion of the colony was appropriated, and the new emigrant had an extensive territory to choose from. This choice was the most important step of the whole undertaking, and wisely did Thornley set about it: collecting all the opinions he could get as to the most eligible situation for his new estate, he decided on following none but his own, and which he determined to form on the sure basis of personal observation. To this end he threw his gun one summer morning over his shoulder, and, in true Robinson Crusoe fashion, started on his solitary journey "up the country." The reader will not be surprised to hear Mr Thornley remark—when about three miles on his journey—that he felt "very lonely: I had not," he continues, "warmed into the work, and I felt all the hesitation which a man feels when he sets out to take a journey without having first determined where he intends to go. I was, in fact, a-seeking where to go; and looking out for some information to guide me as to the point whither to direct my steps, with the impression on my mind, from my experience in the town, that every one would endeavour to deceive me as to what land was vacant, and which was the best part to settle on. With all these anxious thoughts, I continued my way, passing one or two miserable-looking cabins by the road, till I reached the ferry on the right, about ten miles from Camp.* Here the river is still broad; about as broad as the Thames at Chelsea. At this place I made a halt, in order to decide whether I should continue my road to New Norfolk, about twenty-one miles from Camp, or cross over and take the high road, such as it was, leading from the one side of the island to the other, that is, to Launceston, on the banks of the river Tamar." He chose New Norfolk, and continued his march under a sun, which, he remarks, "would be no joke in a hay-field." Having walked some distance, he came up with a man whose strange and savage appearance somewhat excited Mr Thornley's suspicion. He had on a dress chiefly composed of kangaroo-skin, with the hair dried on it, and sported a grizzly beard, which gave him an almost ferocious aspect. "I surveyed this hairy individual with much curiosity as I advanced towards him, and with some mistrust, for there were bush-rangers abroad, and although this was not a likely place to meet with them, I was strange to the country, and thought it best to be on my guard. I kept my hand, therefore, convenient to the lock of my piece, with the muzzle before me, careless like, but quite ready. My precaution, however, did not escape the observation of the kangaroo-man, who now, turning his face to me, and looking up, said, in a country-like tone, 'You needn't be afeerd o' me, master. If you want water, come and drink. Thank God, there is water in the country, plenty and sweet enough—except where it's brackish. Drink (seeing that I hesitated) well—I'll go farther off; no wonder perhaps you're timid a bit. If you'd a gone through what I've gone through in this wretched country, you'd have reason enough for it.' The dreaded individual turns out to be a Shropshire ploughman, who had been deluded to emigrate, not having one single qualification for a settler, except a small capital. He was consequently disgusted with the colony; the more so, as he had just before been robbed by a party of bush-rangers, who had clothed him in the manner described in exchange for apparel they stole from him. Thornley, however, soon understood him, and on his offering to act as guide, they trudged on together.

After various adventures, Thornley lighted on a spot which pleased him, on the banks of the Clyde river, and without hesitation fixed upon it. He then hastened back to Hobart Town, to make, if possible, the first application for it, and arrived after an absence of seventeen days. He obtained the land, of which he lost no time in taking possession. "Fortunately we had brought out with us two good tents, one a pretty large one; these served us in good stead. We were in a pretty bustle, it may be supposed, packing up and getting ready for our journey. It was about fifty miles from the town to the spot I had chosen. All our goods and traps being ready—and having had assigned to me two government men, a bullock-driver, and a farming-man—my wife, her children, and her mother, occupying one cart, with the woman servant, and all sorts of articles for bedding and use; and the other cart being filled with utensils, and tools, and provisions, we commenced our journey on the 26th February 1817, with anxious thoughts, but full of spirits and of hope, for the river Clyde." The journey was well enough so long as the route lay on the beaten track; but, that being left behind, the bullock-carts had to be dragged over rugged hills—dead trees lying in the way—and through thick bushes; sometimes the party followed a faint track, at others were guided by notched trees. At length, perseverance and hard work brought them

to the site of the future farm. "The sun was intensely hot, and we very tired, bullocks and all; but we had arrived safe, and we felt in spirits. And here we were, our little party alone in the wilderness. To the west there was no human habitation between us and the sea; and the nearest settler's residence was not less than eighteen miles. There was pasture for sheep and cattle for scores and scores of miles, and no one to interfere with them. But I had not yet a single sheep, nor a single head of cattle, except my eight working bullocks. We turned them out to graze on the plain before us, through which ran the Clyde, then better known by the name of the Fat Doe river; we had no fear of their straying, for they were tired enough with their journey." Thus was the settlement, so far as it could be, begun.

The first thing to be done was to build a house, and Thornley, with the assistance of Crab—the strange ploughman he had met in the way, and who had joined him—and his servants, vigorously set about making one of logs. Chopping down trees was consequently the incessant employment for some time, and when exhausted with chopping, they sawed "to rest themselves." Enough of material was soon got to begin building; and so diligently were these operations performed, that the following entry occurs in the emigrant's journal, under date of the 5th April:—"Rose early, according to my custom, and surveyed my new dwelling with a particular sort of satisfaction. 'No rent to pay for you,' said I; 'no taxes, that's pleasant; no poor rates, that's a comfort; and no one can give me warning to quit, and that's another comfort; and it's my own, thank God, and that's the greatest comfort of all.' I cast my eyes on the plain before me, and saw my flock of sheep studding the plain [they had been bought while the house was building], with my working bullocks at a little distance. My dogs came up and licked my hands. Presently my children came out into the fresh morning air, which was rather bracing, as the weather was getting colder every day in the morning and evening, but still warm in the middle of the day, and we had a romp with the dogs. As we sat at breakfast that morning in our rude cottage, with the bare walls of logs of trees and the shingle roof above us, all rough enough, but spacious, and a little too airy, I began to have a foretaste of that feeling of independence and security of home and subsistence which I have so many years enjoyed in a higher degree than I then looked for; but I must not anticipate." Two days later, the plough was first stuck into the land, and about twelve acres were sown with wheat; a garden was marked out near the log-house; cows and horses were added to the stock; in short, by the anniversary of the settler's arrival, he found himself in a fair way to become in time a "prosperous gentleman." He had wisely attended exclusively to the breeding of sheep with a view to profit, only cultivating as much land as would suffice for home consumption. On taking stock, March 1, 1818, he found that the 260 sheep and lambs, bought in the previous March, had increased to 702.

For seven years the emigrant went on prospering, and did not experience any of those mishaps which were constantly dreaded from bush-rangers, savages, and other colonial scourges. In May 1824, however, the more startling of the emigrant's adventures began. A recently settled neighbour had been barbarously attacked in the night, and carried off as a prisoner; all his property was stolen, and his wife and children made to suffer the most horrible alarm. Thornley, with several friends all armed to the teeth, resolved to pursue the robbers into the bush; and the whole party, headed by a local magistrate, started off, following the tracks left in the ground by the marauders. About ten miles from their starting place, they discovered the ruins of a stock-keeper's hut; and, on entering it, they were horror-stricken at perceiving that the inhabitant had been burnt alive in it! Further on, the bodies of two other stock-keepers were discovered, pierced by spears peculiar to the natives. This increased the general eagerness for the search. Not long after, the fugitives were found by the sagacity of the kangaroo-dogs which accompanied the pursuers, hidden in a thick wood. Presently one of the party came galloping up, with a spear sticking in his back, and one in each side of his horse. Showers of missiles followed, but without doing much harm; a battle impended, but the enemy moved off, and the pursuit had again to be renewed. It was ascertained that the fugitives consisted of bush-rangers as well as natives, and that the prisoner, whose rescue was the object of the expedition, was with the former. The pursuit grew warm, and continued till the enemy was brought to bay on the shores of the Great or Arthur's Lake. A regular battle ensued. The pursuers divided themselves into two parties, and took up advantageous positions. "The bush-rangers were now ranged in a line opposite to us, and we counted thirty-one, three having fallen. There was one man among the bush-rangers whom we could not help noticing and admiring. He was one of the finest men I ever saw. Tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, his whole form denoted great strength, combined with great activity. He stood a little in advance of his party, as cool as a cucumber, and quite regardless of the shots that flew about him. As the two parties were not above a hundred yards distant from each other, we occasionally heard his voice encouraging his men. 'Fire away,

* *Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant.* Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate. In three volumes. London: Saunders and Otley. 1843.

* Or Hobart Town, which retained the name of the Camp for many years after it ceased to deserve that appellation.

my hearties," he cried out, while he was reloading his musket with all diligence; "fire away; better die by a musket-ball than a rope." With that I saw him deliberately examine the pan of his piece. He was not quite satisfied with its appearance, for he paused for a moment as if in search of something. Stooping down to the ground, he picked up a little twig or stiff straw, and coolly cleared the touch-hole of its obstruction. He then primed the pan quickly, but without hurry, from his powder-horn, and putting his musket to his shoulder, pointed it here and there among us, as if seeking for the best mark. He was not long in finding one. The magistrate, who was on horseback, formed a conspicuous object. The other two on horseback were behind us, among some trees, to guard against a surprise from the natives. I saw the bushranger take a quick and steady aim, and immediately after, a cry from our leader made me fear that the shot had taken effect. It was a capital shot; it went through his hat, and knocked it off. "Everybody seems to have a spite against my hat," said the magistrate; "the natives sent a spear through it the other day, and now these rascals have put a bullet through it. Any more of this fun will spoil my best hat. Keep up your fire," said he to me and my party; "this bit of a scrimmage is no joke, gentlemen. Fire coolly, and take aim at a particular man. They are double our numbers, but we have the advantage of position. Who is that man in front? There he is, going to fire again: he has fired, and one of you is down. This is a bad job," said he to the wounded man, "but we can't help it. But, what do I see behind us! The natives are on us. Look out for the spears, and keep steady. Now we are fighting for our lives indeed. Keep steady, and fire quick. Keep it up, keep it up." By extraordinary exertions, both with gun and broadsword, the natives were completely discomfited; and the party of bushrangers, when advancing at a running pace, were checked by a volley which told fearfully, and drove them from the field.

The government having heard of the outrage which led to this engagement, sent a party of soldiers to join in the pursuit of the bushrangers. This reinforcement brought, however, bad news for poor Thornley. During his absence his house had been burned down, with everything it contained, except his wife, children, and servants, together with several wheat-stacks, and other produce! Meantime the bushrangers had got upon an island in the lake, where they defied pursuit.

On hearing the bad news, Thornley determined to leave the soldiers and his friends to capture the marauders and rescue his neighbour, and made up his mind to return home alone. This was a formidable undertaking, not only on account of the danger of being discovered and killed by the natives, but from the equally great peril of losing his way. But our friend was not the man to be daunted even by such obstacles, and actually began his homeward journey with no other company than his horse and dogs. He was, indeed, well armed, and felt every confidence in his own courage and discretion. The latter was, however, not so great as he supposed, for not long after taking leave of his companions, he tried to make a short cut, and, as is frequently the case when such ventures are hazarded, he missed the track. Hill after hill was climbed, in the hope of seeing from their summits some known object to guide him, without effect. His horse became lame, and he was obliged to abandon it. After two days of purposeless wandering, his courage left him. "I felt that I was rapidly falling into that state of mind of which I had heard, but which I had never experienced—the confusion of intellect, and the deprivation of the power of judging—causing the peculiar aberration of mind which seizes on those who feel the terrible conviction of being 'lost in the bush!' I was now lost in the bush! That calamity, however, frightful as it was—with my body enfeebled and my mind wandering—was not the worst evil that was to befall me. But I must pause here and recover myself before I attempt to describe the horrible fate that awaited me in the desolate wilds of the dismal bush." For six days he wandered in the wilderness, existing upon the game he shot and cooked, and sleeping on the ground. Not having any means of knowing the points of the compass, he would have inevitably perished but for a singular accident. Having torn off a strap of his gaiters, he set to work to mend it; for a "housewife," containing sewing materials, is a necessary article in those lonely latitudes, which our hero was never without. He was seated beside a pond; his fingers were so cold that he let the needle drop into it; instead of sinking, it floated, slowly turned half-way round, and remained stationary! He then recollected that his youngest daughter had recently in play magnetised the needle, and accident had provided him with an extempore compass. Full of joy at this discovery, he continued journeying in the right direction; but this gleam of hope was but momentary. He had not proceeded far before he found that the natives were upon him. They soon came to close quarters, and the Surrey corn-chandler stood his ground, and picked off his assailants with the cool skill of an experienced rifleman. He was severely struck in the leg by a woman, or bomerang, cleverly aimed at him by a native; still he was able to limp away, and to escape for a time. After toiling on for some miles, he was gladdened by perceiving a stock-keeper's hut, which he entered and fortified against the enemy, who was still pursuing in

great force. Romantic literature does not supply instances of wonderful escape more marvellous than the two which follow. A body of about twenty men and women attacked Thornley in the hut. "My left-hand barrel," he says, "contained a single ball; I fired; a native fell. But the others continued to advance, and sent a shower of spears at the open part of the door. One of them went through the lower part of the back of my left hand, where it stuck, while some went past me into the hut, narrowly missing me, and some stuck in the wall on each side. I fired off my second barrel, loaded with shot, and slamming the door close, bolted it. This second discharge, I judge, checked their rush, and fortunately, for so determined were they that I feel convinced, on looking back, they would otherwise have succeeded in their intention of forcing open the door. They now commenced a furious yelling round the hut, and some of them tried the back window, but they found it secure. In the meantime, I reloaded my fowling-piece, putting a couple of balls in each barrel, for I felt that the natives were in earnest, and that it would require my utmost efforts to save my life from their furious assault. I was standing by the door, uncertain what to do next, when suddenly a spear was thrust between the crevice of the lower and the upper door; fortunately it encountered my shot-belt, which it perforated, and gave me time to jump back. It seems that my movements were watched from the outside through some crevice, for immediately on my retreat, a rush was made at the door. Had it been made on the upper part, the savages would have effected an entrance, but the lower part having been secured by a log, resisted the attempt, and placing the muzzle of my piece at the same crevice through which the spear had been thrust at me, I fired first one barrel and then the other at the assailants. A horrid yell, that made the woods re-echo, proclaimed that my fire was successful, and I could hear the tramping of their feet as they retreated to a distance. Finding force useless, the natives adopted a horrible stratagem—they set fire to the hut! "My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible, and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive! The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front. I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it. Thornley escaped to a tree, and stood at bay, showers and spears flying around him; but he fired with such effect, that the natives feared to advance. Taking advantage of their temporary inaction, "I felt," he continues, "for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my unspeakable horror and disappointment it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames; and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report, and a burst of sparks from the building, made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever. In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up, and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight. I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me; but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my failing energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece, and two in my pistols. I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears." In this terrible emergency, Thornley believed that he could defend himself by climbing the tree; and having ascended to a fork in the trunk, found it was hollow, and he immediately squeezed himself into it. The natives soon surrounded his hiding-place; one of them climbed it. "As I crouched myself down, I thought I heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and beheld the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eyeballs, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had a waddle in his hand, which he slowly raised to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in its hole." Drawing one of his pistols from his pocket—he a matter of difficulty in his confined situation—he fired, and the dead body of the savage fell to the ground. The assailants now began to pile dry wood round the tree with a view to burn it. In this extremity, Thornley was compelled to make another movement for the chance of existence. Mounting to one of the branches, he fired the remaining barrel of his fowling-piece, and the remaining pistol. Half choked with smoke, he heard the report of other firearms, and immediately fell insensible from the tree. The fact was, the soldiers and friends he had left on the shores of Arthur's Lake came up at this extremely critical moment, frightened away the savages, and rescued our settler when on the very verge of being

—to use one of his own expressions—"done for." After capturing all the bushrangers but their leader, and rescuing the kidnapped person, they had set out upon Thornley's tracks in quest of him, having learnt he had lost himself in the bush.

The hero of this exciting romance returned safely to the embraces of his wife and children, having lost all relish for adventures in the bush. As he was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet, or to suffer his family to be huddled up in an inconvenient hut, while he was able to build a commodious house, he set about building such a habitation without loss of time, and soon settled his family in a respectable habitation. After this, Mr Thornley had business in Hobart Town, and having finished it, was returning home, when he went out of his road to look at a piece of land; and here we perceive that the romance of the bush is not ended, for he encounters the leader of the bushrangers, who had escaped. This interesting robber makes a friend of him, after the manner of the villains of most romances, and tells him his history. He came of decent parents in Herefordshire, but had the misfortune to be transported for life for having killed a game-keeper in a poaching excursion. He escaped from his bonds, and turned bushranger; but he was heartily tired of such a life. He had a daughter in Hobart Town, and all he wanted of Thornley was to be a father to her, which the settler kindly promised to be. At this juncture, soldiers opportunely come upon the scene: the bushranger is taken, but throws himself over a precipice, and dies. The rest of the emigrant's adventures occur in his search for this child, of whom—after another very narrow escape from a man in Hobart Town, who is employed to make away with the girl because she turns out to be heiress to a good property in Herefordshire—he obtains possession, and she is brought up with his own children. His own daughter is married to the son of a neighbour. Mr Crab gets a farm of his own, although he had declared every day, during nearly twenty years, that he would leave the colony the next; and Mr Thornley lives, by the help of his friend the magistrate, to become an author. He has, he says, given up the management of his farm to his children, and exists in retirement in a green old age with his excellent wife. Long may they live to enjoy it!

The author is evidently a man of sound common sense and practical experience, not unpleasantly tinged with romance. In the present article we have chiefly drawn upon the latter characteristic. In a succeeding one, we shall glance at some of the valuable information relative to emigration with which his volumes abound.

MR BIANCONI'S CARS.

Few men have been so useful in their day as Mr Bianconi of Clonmel. This gentleman, whose successful enterprise affords an apt instance of what may be accomplished by well directed perseverance, is a native of Milan, and from being one of the poorest, is now one of the wealthiest men in Ireland. Having come to Ireland about thirty years ago, in some humble mercantile capacity, he quickly perceived the advantages, public and private, which might be gained by establishing stage cars on various roads throughout that country, and began by attempting to run one from Clonmel to Cahir. The experiment was at first discouraging, few or no passengers supporting it; but the plan ultimately triumphed beyond the most sanguine expectations which could have been formed of such an undertaking.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Cork, Statistical Section, Mr Bianconi was called on to read a paper on the subject of his establishment, which he did as follows:—

"Up to the year 1816, the public accommodation for the conveyance of passengers in Ireland was confined to a few mail and day-coaches on the great lines of road. From my peculiar position in the country, I had ample opportunities of reflecting on many things, and nothing struck me more forcibly than the great vacuum that existed in travelling accommodation between the different orders of society. The inconvenience felt for the want of a more extended means of intercourse, particularly from the interior of the country to the different market-towns, gave great advantage to a few at the expense of the many, and, above all, occasioned a great loss of time; for instance, a farmer living twenty or thirty miles from his market-town, spent the day in riding to it, a second day doing his business, and a third day returning. In July 1816, I started a car for the conveyance of passengers from Clonmel to Cahir, which I subsequently extended to Tipperary and Limerick. At the end of the same year, I started similar cars from Clonmel to Cashel and Thurles, and from Clonmel to Carrick and Waterford; and I have since extended this establishment so as to include the most isolated localities, namely, from Longford to Ballina and Bellmullet, which is 201 miles north-west of Dublin; from Athlone to Galway and Clifden, 183 miles due west of Dublin; from Limerick to Tralee and Cahirciveen, 233 miles south-west of Dublin; and numbering one hundred and ten vehicles, including mail-coaches and different-sized cars capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and travelling eight to nine miles per hour, at an average fare of one penny farthing per mile for each passenger,

and performing daily 3800 miles, passing through more than one hundred and forty stations for the change of horses; consuming three to four thousand tons of hay, and from thirty to forty thousand barrels of oats annually; all of which are purchased in their respective localities. These vehicles do not travel on Sundays, unless such portions of them as are in connexion with the post-office or canals, for the following reasons:—First, the Irish, being a religious people, will not travel on business on Sundays; and secondly, experience teaches me that I can work a horse eight miles per day for six days in the week much better than I can six miles for seven days. The advantages derived by the country from this establishment are almost incalculable; for instance, the farmer who formerly rode and spent three days in making his market, can now do so in one for a few shillings, thereby saving two clear days, and the expense and use of his horse. The example of this institution has been generally followed, and cars innumerable leave the interior for the principal towns in the south of Ireland, which bring parties to and from markets at an enormous saving of time, and in many instances cheaper than they could walk it. This establishment has now been in existence twenty-eight years, travelling with its mails at all hours of the day and night, and never met any interruption in the performance of its arduous duties. Much surprise has often been expressed at the high order of men connected with it, and at its popularity; but parties thus expressing themselves forget to look at Irish society with sufficient grasp. For my part, I cannot better compare it than to a man emerging into convalescence from a serious attack of malignant fever, and requiring generous and nutritive diet in place of medical treatment. Thus I act with my drivers, who are taken from the lowest grade of the establishment, and who are progressively advanced according to their respective merits, as opportunity offers, and who know that nothing can deprive them of this reward, and a superannuated allowance of their full wages in old age and under accident, unless their wilful and improper conduct; and as to its popularity, I never yet attempted to do an act of generosity or common justice, publicly or privately, that I was not repaid tenfold. In conclusion, Mr Bianconi regretted that the shortness of the notice which he had received to meet the Association should have rendered it impossible for him to prepare a document more ample in details and more worthy of the Section."

Mr and Mrs Hall in their work, a "Week at Killybegs," speak in warm terms of approbation of Mr Bianconi's cars. "In form they resemble the common outside jaunting car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares for each person averaging about twopenny per mile. They are open cars, but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles. It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country: its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense, and with little sacrifice of time."

Is it possible to read these particulars without a reflection on the advantages to be derived from perseverance in properly designed enterprise? Here is an unfriended foreigner, who, by the mere force of his own ingenuity and industry directed to practical objects, realises vast public benefits, not to speak of a justly earned private fortune; while others, spending the energy of a life-time on visionary abstractions, accomplish not only no public good, but an incalculable amount of evil, and, as might have been anticipated, leave off poorer than they began.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Lord Lindsay, in the introduction to his "Lives of the Lindsays," makes the following judicious observations on pride of ancestry:—"Be grateful then for your descent from religious as well as noble ancestors: it is your duty to be so, and this is the only worthy tribute you can now pay to their ashes. Yet, at the same time, be most jealous on your guard lest this lawful satisfaction degenerate into arrogance, or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God's creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry. Pride is of all sins the most hateful in the sight of God; and of the proud, who is so mean, who so despicable as he that values himself on the merits of others? And were they all so meritorious, these boasted ancestors?—were they all Christians? Remember, remember, if some of them have deserved praise, others have equally merited censure; if there have been 'stainless knights,' never yet was there a stainless family since Adam's fall. 'Where then is boasting?' for we would not, I hope, glory in iniquity."

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!

One word more. Times are changed, and in many respects we are blessed with knowledge beyond our fathers, yet we must not on that account deem our hearts purer or our lives holier than theirs were. Nor, on the other

hand, should we for a moment assent to the proposition, so often hazarded, that the virtues of chivalry are necessarily extinct with the system they adorned. Chivalry, in her purity, was a holy and lovely maiden, and many were the hearts refined and ennobled by her influence, yet she proclaims to us no one virtue that is not derived from and summed up in Christianity. The 'age of chivalry' may be past—the knight may no more be seen issuing from the embattled portal-arch on his barbed charger, his lance glittering in the sun, his banner streaming to the breeze—but the spirit of chivalry can never die; through every change of external circumstances, through faction and tumult, through trial and suffering, through good report and evil report, still that spirit burns, like love, the brighter and the purer—still, even in the nineteenth century, lights up its holiest shrine, the heart of that champion of the widow, that father of the fatherless, that liegman of his God, his king, and his country—the noble-hearted but lowly-minded Christian gentleman of England."

A SUNDAY AT TAHITI—QUEEN POMARE.

THE following picture of the domestic and social relations of this royal personage may not be uninteresting at the present moment when certain occurrences have rendered her an object of some political importance in the eyes of Europe. Mr Francis Allyn Olmsted, an American student, visited Tahiti in September 1840, and in conjunction with his messmates, had the supreme honour of drinking cocoa-nut wine and smoking cigars with her majesty and spouse. The visit and introduction are thus described in his "Incidents of a Whaling Voyage," recently noticed in the Journal:—"To form some idea of the appearance of Papeete, the seat of government at Tahiti, imagine the shore on the right hand side of the bay to consist of a hot sand beach, and within a few feet of the water's edge, a range of light-built white houses, with green blinds and thatched roofs, the intervals between which are filled up with the sombre shanties of the natives; while the rest of the establishment is concealed by a dense grove of orange and lime-trees, prominent among which rise the stately breadfruit, with its dark green enamelled foliage, varied here and there by the waving leaves of the cocoa-tree, and you have some faint idea of the aspect of the harbour, where nature has been so profuse in richness of scenery, and art so humble."

About nine o'clock A. M., Queen Pomare was seen moving in state along the beach, escorted by her body guards, numbering over a hundred, who, at the distance we viewed them, presented a very imposing pageant. Before the procession were borne the royal standards of Tahiti, red, white, and red, in horizontal bars; then followed the queen and king, and after them their dashing soldiery, two by two, in *proportionne pertubata*, as the geometricians say. The rear was brought up by all who could make any pretensions to decency of appearance, the whole procession extending to a great distance along the beach, and in this order moving slowly along towards the church. Soon after they had passed, Captain Spring and I directed our steps thither, and entered a large thatched building situated upon the beach, within a few yards of the water. The body of the church was occupied by the queen and the military, and the galleries principally by women. We took seats near the pulpit, in full view of her majesty and her retinue. Queen Pomare is a good-looking woman, of a light-olive complexion, with very dark expressive eyes, and black hair. In person she is about the medium height, and is rather inclined to *embonpoint*, and as she stood up several times during the service, she rose with an air of dignity that was truly royal. She wore a white satin hat, flaring open, and flattened upon the upper rim, after the Tahitian style, trimmed with broad satin ribbon, and then surmounted by three white ostrich feathers. Her dress was of satin or figured silk, of a pink colour, with slippers to correspond.

The husband of the queen, Pomare-tane, 'Pomare's man,' as he is usually called, sustains the relation of a Prince Albert to the government. He is a young man, of about twenty-one years of age, while her majesty is not far from thirty—a disparity on the side of the lady highly averse to our notions of propriety. In the affairs of the government he has no power, as he was an inferior chief before his marriage with Pomare, but in domestic matters is very tenacious of his rights. Pomare-tane is a good-looking man, with very much of the *bon vivant* in his appearance, and an easy good-humoured way about him. Although so young, his hair is very gray, an indication of age prematurely developed, I doubt not, by the repeated floggings he received from her majesty many years since, when he was but a mere boy; occurrences entirely contrary to the order of nature. Pomare-tane, however, was very reticent under her authority, and, stimulated by the foreigners, had many desperate contests with his spouse, until she was compelled to succumb to his superior prowess. Since then, it reports speak true, he has not only administered chastisement for offences coming under his immediate supervision, but repays with interest her maternal care over him in his boyish days. Invested in a brilliant crimson uniform, decked with gold epaulettes, a sword at his side, and his chapeau surmounted by white ostrich feathers, his majesty presented a highly imposing appearance.

The officers of the royal household, eight or ten in number perhaps, were dressed in uniforms, but of various colours and fashions, which had been adopted as chance, or the visit of some man-of-war, gave them an opportunity for purchasing. White pantaloons were indulged in by all, but the state of them indicated either a ludicrous deficiency of material, or a peculiar taste for imitating small clothes, which they were essentially as far as regards dimensions. One or two of these worthies wore a pair of stockings, but most of them inserted their feet into thick leather boxes, without any intervening obstacle. Behind the officers were seated the privates, with an approach towards similarity in their uniforms, which

were blue, and at a distance would have appeared very well, but whose diversity of trimming was revealed by our proximity. Some of these coats were buttoned together; others had fastenings of hooks and eyes, and not a few were held together by the ingenious device of drawing a threaded needle from side to side, which, from appearances, must have taken wonderful strides in many instances. The nether garments of the soldiery were always white, but in many instances prepared, without observing this invariable law of nature, that a large man requires garments of corresponding proportions. The ingenuity one of these displayed in devising expedients was highly creditable to him. By some miscalculation, his coat and pantaloons, when adjusted to his person, were found not to be within six inches of one another, which disclosed a somewhat remarkable hiatus between the top of his nether garments and the edge of his coat. In this crisis he had procured a large black silk neckerchief, which, encircling his waist, and secured in a huge knot in front, effectually concealed the unskilfulness of his tailor. The soldiers, agreeably to the advice of the missionaries, leave their muskets at their quarters upon the Sabbath, and carry nothing but ramrods. Their principal employment, as well as that of their officers, appeared to be in criticising and admiring the peculiar taste each one had displayed in the decoration of his uniform.

Queen Pomare seemed to be extremely anxious to exhibit her soldiery advantageously, and many were the searching looks she darted in among them to see if any were indulging in their propensity to avail themselves of the occasion for repose. The congregation was rather disorderly, owing to the constant restlessness of some who were running in and out of the church every few minutes. Tahitians are extremely fond of dress and show, and although the maintenance of one hundred and fifty men—of which the royal body guard consists—is impoverishing the nation, yet they are not discontented, as their ruling passion is gratified. The queen is constantly endeavouring to augment the grandeur of her appearance, much to the injury of the finances of her government; and notwithstanding the heavy expense she incurred in the equipment of this body of men, she has sent orders to Sydney, in New Holland, for additional articles. Her principal object at present in collecting together, and keeping under arms so large a body of men—large in proportion to the population—is for the purpose of making a grand display in an intended excursion to some of the leeward islands, which has been determined upon every few days for the last six weeks, and as often postponed.

Several days after seeing her at church, we were alarmed on board the *Flora* by the discharge of artillery at intervals of every few minutes, the rolling of drums, and the gathering of a dense throng of natives upon the beach in gay costumes. The three or four small vessels belonging to her majesty were crowded to overflowing, the sails were hoisted, and the national colours were gaily waving from masthead, when an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself, which put a stop to all further proceedings. In the eagerness for commencing the excursion, the idea did not occur that these little vessels might not possess sufficiently ample dimensions for the large retinue that were to attend her majesty, and it was not until it was demonstrated in the present instance, that the fact was apparent, and the expedition was of necessity postponed, much to the chagrin of her majesty. So desirous is she of making a constant display, that she never appears in public without being followed by half-a-dozen soldiers, who step with a becoming consciousness of their proximity to royalty. On a subsequent day, when she was returning to Papeete from a visit to Point Venus, the attempt at magnificence had a semblance of the ludicrous. As soon as the royal barge—in this case a whale-boat—was seen entering the bay, with the national ensign waving proudly over her Tahitian majesty, a salute was fired by one of her loyal subjects, who was stationed upon the beach with a musket in his hand, which he continued to load and discharge with as much rapidity as possible, until her majesty reached the shore, exhibiting the most praiseworthy zeal upon the occasion.

Pomare is a constant attendant upon church, but is scrupulously careful to appear in the afternoon in a different dress from the one she assumed in the morning. This is, however, the prevailing fashion among the elite of Tahiti, in which respect they imitate the fashionables at some of our watering-places, whose constant study, in some instances, appears to be the acquisition of the chameleon-like property of changing the hue of their garb every time they appear in public. At the church the congregation was very well dressed, and presented a neat appearance, that was highly creditable to them. The singing was very delightful, although it was entirely unlike anything I have ever heard before. The Tahitians have such a natural faculty for music, that they not only catch a tune with readiness, but even adapt symphonious parts to it; and their voices blend together in a strange but agreeable harmony. The church is a large and convenient edifice, and the rafters and frame-work supporting the roof are concealed in part by ornamental matting, extending ten or fifteen feet upwards from the wall.

At the conclusion of the services, the soldiery were extended from the church door in two parallel rows, facing inwards, between which the royal party marched to the head of the column, and then led the way in solemn state along the beach, through the dust, and over the stones, shells, and bones, strewn plentifully in their path, instead of a direct course to the 'palace' by a delightful road, which led along under the cool bread-fruit groves. This preference had no other object than to present an imposing pageant to the shipping at anchor in the harbour.

In company with a friend, I took a walk through the lovely grove, back of the beach, to the 'palace,' by which appellation the queen's residence is known to the foreign residents. It is the largest house in Papeete, though but one storey high, running up in a peaked roof of thatel, and having a wide piazza extending entirely across the front. It is situated within an enclosure of green grass,

and presents a somewhat pretty appearance, although, as a royal residence, it would be thought rather humble. At the gate were lounging three sentinels, whose attitudes indicated a judicious regard to their personal comfort. As the royal cortege had not yet come in sight, we seated ourselves in the piazza to await its approach, and before long it was seen deploying through the trees. The officers of the household came first, who separated at the entrance, and walking in solemn style up to the por-step, faced inwards with hats doffed, while Queen Pomare and Pomare-tane passed between them, and took their seats in the piazza as the soldiery were arranging themselves in the form of a crescent upon the green sward in front of us. Meanwhile I shook hands with the king, with whom I had previously been made acquainted, and was then presented to her Tahitian majesty by my friend. The 'presentation' was divested of any court formalities, and consisted in merely shaking hands, and saying 'Your honour, boy,' which is the exact sound, when spoken rapidly, of the native salutation 'a ora na oe,' or 'peace be with you.' Her majesty was not very communicative, as all her attention was absorbed in watching the movements of her guards, and in refreshing herself with plentiful draughts from a cocoa-nut which had been brought to her the moment she arrived, while Pomare-tane produced some cigars, and offering one to me, adjusted himself for smoking with the utmost tranquillity. In imitation of the queen, I called for a cocoa-nut, and refreshed myself with its most delicious beverage, entertaining the most benevolent wishes for the prosperity of her Tahitian majesty.

The soldiers, as I have before said, were marshalling themselves in a semicircle in front of the palace, to be reviewed by the queen. At the word of command they succeeded in averting their faces, although some of them manifested a strong indecision of mind with regard to those opposite positions of the body, 'front' and 'rear.' After going through the intricate manoeuvres of presenting their faces and their backs to the royal vision, they were dismissed, and my friend and I took our leave of their majesties."

ORTOLANS.

The ortolan, so much esteemed by epicures for the delicacy of its flesh, is widely distributed over most temperate regions. In Europe its principal habitat is Italy and the south, though during summer it is to be found in many of the central and northern countries. It is a small bird, little larger than a house-sparrow, and when properly fed, for which purpose there are large establishments in Italy, it forms "carné squisita," a delicious morsel. Perhaps the greatest refinement in the science of fattening is exhibited in the conduct of the ortolan establishments, the theory and principles of which are thus described by Dr Lyon Playfair, the pupil of Liebig:—"It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this peculiarity has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands. The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber. At a certain hour in the morning, the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the dim light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is now scattered over it, and the lantern is withdrawn. The ortolans, rather surprised at the shortness of the day, think it their duty to fall asleep as night has spread his sable mantle round them. During sleep, little of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat. After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, in order to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern through the aperture. The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment, and the birds, awaking from their slumber, apply themselves voraciously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which, they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans thus treated become like little balls of fat in a few days."

SANCTIONS IN FAVOUR OF MORALITY.

[From "Benthamiana," edited by J. H. Burton. The idea of the illustration, as Mr Burton observes, has been taken from Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness*.]

Timothy Thoughtless and Walter Wise were fellow-apprentices. Thoughtless gave in to the vice of drunkenness; Wise abstained from it. Mark the consequence.

1. Physical sanction. For every debauch, Thoughtless was rewarded by sickness in the head. To recruit himself, he lay in bed the next morning, and his whole frame became enervated by relaxation; and when he returned to his work, his work ceased to be a source of satisfaction to him.

Walter Wise refused to accompany him to the drinking table. His health had not been originally strong, but it was invigorated by temperance. Increasing strength of body gave increasing zest to every satisfaction he enjoyed: his rest at night was tranquil, his risings in the morning cheerful, his labour pleasurable.

2. Social sanction. Timothy had a sister, deeply interested in his happiness. She reproved him at first, then neglected, then abandoned him. She had been to him a source of great pleasure—it was all swept away.

Walter had a brother who had shown indifference to him. That brother had watched over his conduct, and began to show an interest in his well-being—the interest increased from day to day. At last he became a constant visitor, and a more than common friend, and did a

thousand services for his brother which no other man in the world would have done.

3. Popular sanction. Timothy was member of a club, which had money and reputation. He went thither one day in a state of inebriety; he abused the secretary, and was expelled by a unanimous vote.

The regular habits of Walter had excited the attention of his master. He said one day to his banker—"The young man is fitted for a higher station. The banker bore it in mind; and on the first opportunity, took him into his service. He rose from one distinction to another; and was frequently consulted on business of the highest importance by men of wealth and influence.

4. Legal sanction. Timothy rushed out from the club whence he had been so ignominiously expelled. He insulted a man in the streets, and walked penniless into the open country. Reckless of everything, he robbed the first traveller he met: he was apprehended, prosecuted, and sentenced to transportation.

Walter had been an object of approbation to his fellow-citizens. He was called, by their good opinion, to the magistracy. He reached its highest honours; and even sat in judgment on his fellow-apprentice, whom time and misery had so changed that he was not recognised by him.

5. Religious sanction. In prison, and in the ship which conveyed Timothy to Botany Bay, his mind was alarmed and afflicted with the apprehension of future punishment—an angry and avenging Deity was constantly present to his thoughts, and every day of his existence was imbibed by the dread of the Divine Being.

To Walter the contemplation of futurity was peaceful and pleasurable. He dwelt with constant delight on the benign attributes of the Deity, and the conviction was ever present to him that it must be well, that all ultimately must be well, to the virtuous. Great, indeed, was the balance of pleasure which he drew from his existence, and great was the sum of happiness to which he gave birth.

THE SKY-LARK.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK, JUN.

[From the *Citizen*, a Glasgow newspaper recently established, and deserving of success for the industry and good taste manifested in its compilation, as well as for the neatness of its typographical execution.]

Whither away, proud bird? is not thy home
On earth's low breast?
And when thou'rt wearied, whither shalt thou come
To be at rest?

Whither away? the earth with summer bloom
Is newly dressed!
From the soft herbage thou hast brushed in showers
The glistering dew,
And upward sprung to greet the blue-eyed Hours
Seen peeping through!

Has earth no spell to bind? have wilding flowers
No power to woo?
Haply thou'st gazed through the long gloom of night
On some fair star,
Yet dreaded to pursue a darkling flight
Untried—afar,
And now ascend'st to track by morning's light
Her silver car!

Haply to thee alone 'tis given to hear,
In echoes dim,
The strains sublimely chanted in the ear
Of seraphim!

Till, filled with holy rapture, thou draw'st near
To join their hymn!
Or, knowing whence sweet inspiration's given,
This morn, as wont,
Perchance with eager pinion thou hast striven
On high to mount,
That thou might'st drink the sacred stream from heaven,
Fresh at its fount!

Hapt futterer! I partake thy high delight,
Thy holy thrill;
Upward and upward in thy tuneful flight
Thou soar'st at will!
Perched on the highest point of heavenward sight,
I see thee still!

Oh marvellous! that thou, a thing so small,
The air should'st find,
With sound so affluent and musical!
Most tiny cloud
In the blue sky, raining o'er earth's green ball
Music aloud!

What ear such sweet enchanting melody
Could ever cloy?
The pulsing air, high-heaved with ecstasy,
Thy wings up-buoy!
Methinks the morning has commissioned thee
To speak its joy!

Night, rich in jewels as an Ethiop's queen,
On spray and stem,
On every little flower and leafy green,
Has left a gem,
And gentlest airs tell sweetly they have been
A-wooing them!

Glad nature seems the freshness to partake
Of Eden's birth,
And every sound that hails the morning's break
Has tones of mirth,
While thou, to sing the glorious day awake,
Soar'st high o'er earth.

God of the morning! with adoring eyes
To thee we bow!
Thou mad'st the lark a preacher in the skies—
I hear it now!
The air is filled with blended harmonies—
Their author Thou!

CIRCLE OF HUMANITY.

Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country: for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon; and more a man than a Frenchman."—*Tuiler*.

INFANCY OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mankind, but a few ages since, were in a very poor condition as to trade and navigation; nor, indeed, were they much better off in other matters of useful knowledge. It was a green-headed time; every useful improvement was held from them: they had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry without scale, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars; nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love-letter, and a billet-doux might be of the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shopkeepers no cash-books; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without the materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark.—*Curiosities for the Ingenious*.

PREJUDICE.

Of prejudice it has been truly said that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception; but prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gowned as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.—*Montagu's Thoughts*.

EARLY RISING.

There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is awake, may be at work or at play; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted, without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed, the sooner you will be confined to it. When old people have been examined in order to ascertain the cause of their longevity, they have uniformly agreed in one thing only, that they "all went to bed, and all rose, early."—*The Circulator*.

BUSINESS.

"Business," says a celebrated writer, "is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his business rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning."

ERROR DIFFERS FROM IGNORANCE.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go before she arrives at the truth than ignorance.—*Colton*.

FRUGALITY.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.—*Johnson*.

DIVERSIONS.

Of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well-chosen friend.—*Spectator*.

DISPUTES.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.—*Wilkins*.

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